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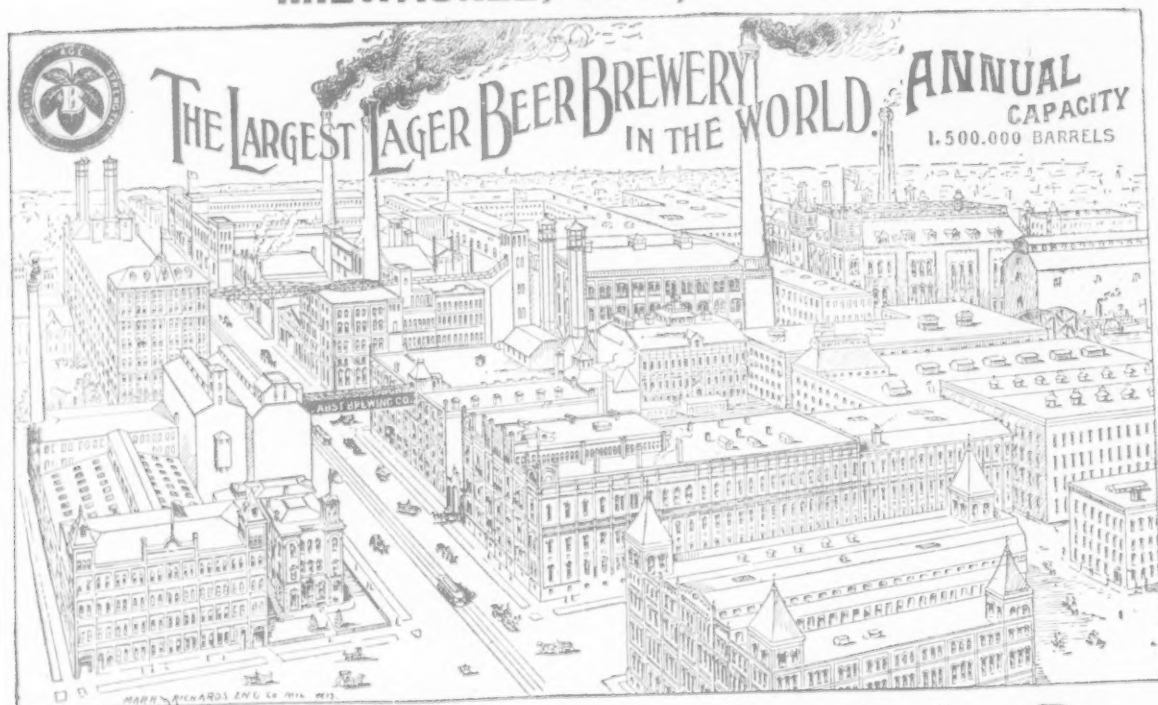
*This page with
Vol 17 but is indexed
in Vol 18*

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PABST BREWING CO.,

MILWAUKEE, WIS., U. S. A.



MANUFACTURERS
AND
BOTTLERS OF THE

Famous Milwaukee Lager Beer.

ANNUAL CAPACITY 1,500,000 BARRELS

OUR method of bottling beer is the only and the best way for the simple reason that the beer goes direct from the cask to the bottle. Our brewery is the only one in the United States that conveys the beer direct from the storage cellars through an underground pipe line to the bottling department, where it is bottled without once being exposed to the open air and its impurities. It is thus kept at the same low temperature of the storage cellars all the time. A recent act of Congress allows us to operate a Pipe Line between our Brewery and our Bottling House. This great innovation enables the Pabst Brewing company, the largest establishment of its kind in the world, to furnish the public bottled beer for family or table use which contains as much natural life as a glass drawn from a freshly tapped barrel. Visitors to Milwaukee are cordially invited to inspect the operation of our new line. **THE BOTTLED BEERS OF THIS BREWERY ARE SOLD ALL OVER THE CIVILIZED WORLD. Agencies in All the Leading Cities.**

Our Most Celebrated Brands are "Bavarian," "Export," "Bohemian," "Select," "Hofbräu," and the World-Renowned Concentrated Extract of Malt and Hops, the "Best Tonic."

The BEER of the PABST BREWING COMPANY is the FAVORITE BEVERAGE at all the LEADING HOTELS and SUMMER RESORTS in AMERICA.



THE ORATION.

YES, friends and fellow-citizens, our country has completed another year of its national existence. You who have gathered your children together after they have worn off the novelty of the fire-cracker feature of the day, and have told them what the day means,



"YOU CRY, PET, BECAUSE I'M LEAVING YOU TO BECOME LADY OLDACRES?"

"NO, I DON'T. IT'S BECAUSE ALL THE TITLES WILL BE BOUGHT BEFORE I GROW UP!"

and given them an inkling of the rights and duties they will inherit as Americans, need little in the way of patriotic stimulation. You have in the past year done your full duty as citizens. You have paid your taxes promptly without stopping to inquire where your money went to. You have served your country as jurors without attempt at evasion or excuse. You have cast your votes as your party leaders dictated without a thought of whether that party was right or wrong. You have gone faithfully to the primaries and carefully scanned the characters and records of the men you have helped to nominate. You have scrutinized closely the actions of your representatives in Congress, in the Legislature and in the governing bodies of your municipalities. You, the readers of LIFE, are all good citizens, and the return of the Fourth of July makes you only the more conscious of your own civic goodness.

But is there another class of people inhabiting this glorious country of ours whom you can do much to improve. These are well-to-do people who seem to be oblivious to the fact that it is their bounden duty to lend the weight of their influence, no matter how small that influence may be, to the preservation of their country and its institutions. Their contribution to the triumph of good and the defeat of evil need be only an hour or two spent at a primary election, a vote cast against an unworthy candidate, the use of their honesty and intelligence in the jury-room, but they scorn such commonplace duties. They are the people who have made it fashionable to be ignorant of their country's needs. They are the people who are willing to entrust their sacred heritage of freedom to those who make a business of politics. They are the direct descendants of those Romans who, so long as they had *panem et circenses* were willing that their country should be ruined and degraded by selfish rulers.

You are with these people—of course not of them—and with you it rests to make patriotism popular. Will you do it? If not, America has no use for you. Get off the earth and make room for some Irishman or Turk who will come here and make himself comfortable at the expense of American tax-payers. But if you will do it, you will join in the steady, untiring promulgation of true Americanism and in three cheers for Old Glory.

WITHOUT AN INCENTIVE.

PRIMUS: Jenkins, the lawyer, is very happy in addressing a jury. Why isn't he better as an after dinner speaker?

SECUNDUS: Because in the latter case his dinner doesn't depend upon his speech.

THERE is a whole world of difference between the North and South poles.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XVII.

JULY 2d, 1891.

No. 444.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., bound, \$30.00; Vol. II., bound, \$15.00. Back numbers, one year old, 20 cents per copy. Vols. III. to XVI., inclusive, bound or in flat numbers, at \$5.00 per volume.

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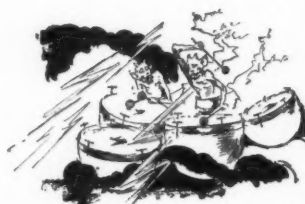
one excuse at least for the American eagle's going on his annual spree.



NOTICE being served by surviving members of the Garner family of their stern disapproval of a recent match by which a late member of that family became Lady Gordon-Cumming, it is proper to acquit the said notifiers of all suspicion of complicity in the said marriage, intending to condone it. Public action by families as such, has been rather a rare thing in this country, where the favored theory has been that the family existed for the sake of the individual. Parents may reasonably have a say about marriage, but in the absence of parents, for a group of such collateral relations to notify the world of their displeasure at a young woman's marriage, is un-American, and indicates, in the recent instance of it, that the Garner family has lived too long abroad.



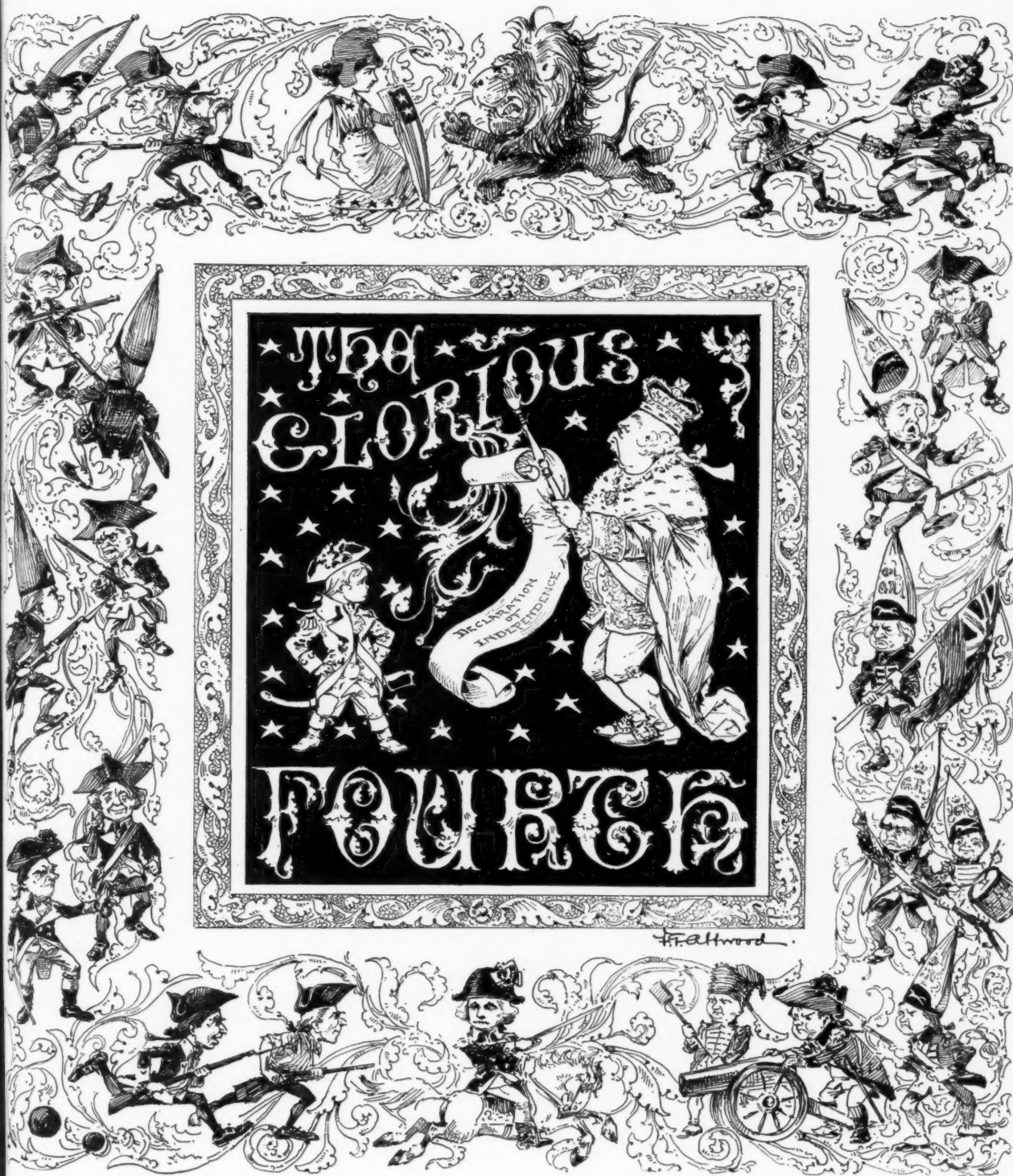
PROF. WM. JAMES of Cambridge, Mass. (95 Irving street), who is making a census of hallucinations and apparitions, in the perfecting of which he asks the good offices of all people whose offices are good. If you send Prof. James a postal card with your address and the words "hallucination blanks" on the back he will send you a blank form whereon you can report the experience of twenty-five people whom you meet this Summer, as to hallucinations and apparitions. Next to hearing from people who have seen spooks, Prof. James wants to hear from those who have not seen any. He wants to know what proportion of the people who are interested in spooks have ever seen one, and what proportion of the spooks that they saw were real spooks, whose appearance was independent of anything going on inside of the observer. LIFE is authorized to say in particular that when hallucinations can be traced to such disturbing causes as lobster, paté-de-foie-gras, B. and S., Sam Ward cocktails, absinthe or Welsh rarebits, it is worth while to note that they are thus derivative, that they can be properly classified.



THE British Aristocracy is not absolutely void of useful functions even to us Americans. Its dirty linen gets washed in London in these days with such eye-compelling conspicuousness, that our little family laundry jobs on this side of the water get themselves done in a corner, and without exciting notice.



ANOTHER instance of concerted family action appeared in the remonstrance of the Schuyler family against the proposition of the Women's Memorial Association, to exhibit a statue of the late Mrs. George L. Schuyler at the Chicago fair as the typical philanthropist. The Schuylers think that the late Mrs. Schuyler wasn't a typical philanthropist, and protest against having her statue displayed. The protest is neither unnatural nor unreasonable, and will doubtless relieve the family's mind. It suggests, however, that the Schuyler family thinks that Mrs. Mary Hamilton Schuyler's memory is a sort of heirloom in which the family has exclusive property rights. That is a curious mistake. The memory of the dead belongs to whoever remembers them, and it is well that it should be so, since if it were not so, history might as well take down her sign and swap her stylus for knitting needles.





OUR FRESH AIR FUND.

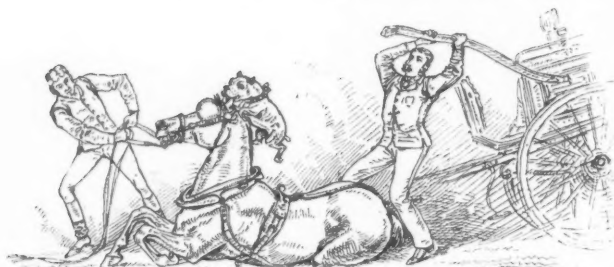
STEP right up, ladies and gentlemen! Drop your five-dollar bills in the slot and see the poor children made happy! It's worth all it costs and a good deal more! Step lively now! Please make way for that gentleman with the fifty-dollar bill in his hand. Thank you, sir. You can't put your money where it will do more good. Lots of fresh air, plenty of good milk and any amount of romping under the trees. Make way for the little girl, bless her

heart, who wants to give a dollar. Right this way, now. You can't come too early or too often!

This is the shop where we turn sickly cheeks into rosy ones. Put your ear to the telephone and hear the children laugh. Now then! Step up, ladies and gentlemen! If you can't bring the money yourself, Uncle Sam's gray-coated messengers will bring it for you.

Previously acknowledged..	\$932.79	E. G. H.	\$2.00
Cash	5.00	R. M. E.	3.00
Little Justin.	5.00	Tradewind.....	50.00
L. L. S.	2.00	Oregon	5.00
G. E.	5.00	Edith and Dorothy, Esther	
Proceeds of an amateur concert		and Leigh's Sunday School	
given at Summer house by the Ladies of		Class..	12.00
Burlington and the Young		Mrs. A. H. Loomis ..	5.00
Ladies of St. Mary's Hall,	85.00	Mrs. J. S., Boston.....	20.00
W. H. R., Boston.....	5.00	C. A.	1.00
Young Men's Union of the		M. N. Armstrong ..	8.00
Society of Ethical Culture.....		Gertrude M. S.	10.00
From B.	25.00	M. K. F.	5.00
From "B".	10.00	A Lover of Children.....	2.00
Boys of Mrs. Fay's and Miss		E. A. S.	25.00
Burnett's School, South-		L.	8.00
boro	7.34	July Corn Sold.	61.50
Edward and Marion, South-		From a Friend.....	100.00
boro	8.00	Fresh Air Fund.....	100.00
A. L. G.	5.00	Albert Crane.....	25.00
Gertrude E. Wright.....	15.00	"Speonah"	5.00
King's Daughters of How-		Sale of "Clippings" ..	18.75
ard Seminary.....	2.50	E. and B.	5.00
Larchmont Circulating Lib-		P. M.	2.00
rary	7.00	Mary and Stephen.....	8.00
Larchmont Circulating Lib-		For Fresh Air Fund.....	10.00
rary	10.00	H. E. T., Ridgefield.....	10.00
Guy and Loris	2.00	For your Fresh Air Fund ..	50.00
		H. C. Broun.....	15.00
		Total	\$1,707.80

THOSE HORSE ADVERTISEMENTS.



PERFECTLY SAFE AND RELIABLE.

THE INDULGENT FRIEND.

BINGHAM: Carson, you must excuse my tardiness—just as soon as I get hold of that hundred you borrowed I can pay you that fifty I owe you.

CARSON: Tut! Tut! Don't mention it.



"PAPA SAYS MR. BLANQUE IS A PROMISING YOUNG MAN."
Her Sister: HE IS, INDEED; HE'S ENGAGED TO SIX GIRLS!

WE MAY BE DISAPPOINTED.

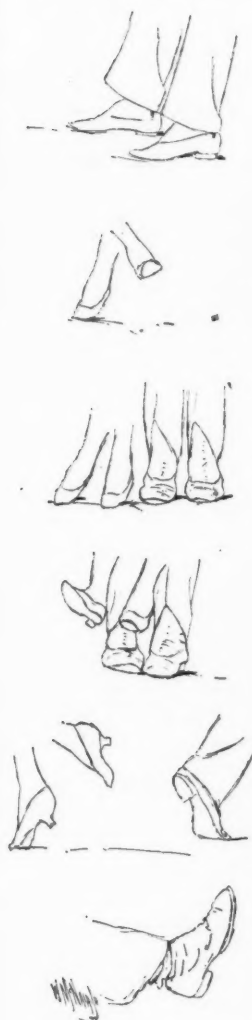
WHEN Edison's kinetograph comes into general use, we shall at last be able to see what that sweet-voiced operator at the Central office really looks like.

IT is said that the only presents President Harrison lacks is presence of mind.



Little Girl (to waiting coachman): WOULD YOU MIND PULLING ME AND MY BROTHER AROUND THE BLOCK? I WOULD LIKE TO FEEL HOW IT IS TO BE DRIVEN BY A REAL COACHMAN!

A SHORT STORY.



A DISTINCTION WITH
A DIFFERENCE.

SHARPE: Say, Steele, we can settle the case of Smith vs. Thompson for \$150. That's \$75 for you and \$75 for me.

STEELE: But how about our client? Where does he come in?

SHARPE (*impatiently*): Oh, give him \$10. (*Suddenly*) No, *promise* to give him \$10.

She: WHOM DO YOU CARE MOST FOR, JACK?

He: IS IT POSSIBLE YOU DO NOT KNOW WHOM I LOVE BEST IN ALL THIS WORLD!

She: YES, I KNOW; BUT NEXT TO HIM?

BOOKISHNESS

A MEREDITH ESSAY, AND JANVIER'S STORIES.

THERE is very little warrant for Hannah Lynch's essay on "George Meredith" (London: Methuen) except the author's enthusiastic appreciation of her subject. The style of it is slap-dash superlative, and nowhere is there a touch of discrimination or thoughtful distinction which would justify the sub-title, "A Study." Experience in the ways of immature minds will lead one to read with suspicion anything labelled on the title-page "A Study." One can count on finding a conglomerate of half-formed inductions from irrelevant premisses, and an assortment of intuitions which the feminine mind is accustomed to call "thoughts."

At any rate one may be glad of Miss Lynch's admiration for Meredith: it is for the most part directed toward the right things to be admired, but is seldom governed by any sense of values or perspective. She is, no doubt, a bright woman who "talks books" effectively to a circle of choice friends, and places every writer in a relative rank, as a professor grades a class on the scale of 100. From the judgments of Miss Lynch and the professor there is no appeal.

IN this sort of writing the first thing to do is to exalt the special intelligence which can appreciate Meredith, and berate the rest of the world for stupidity. There have been two or three men big enough intellectually to pose in literature as Jeremiah the prophet, and Carlyle was one of them. But when Miss Lynch approaches the altar and says "Hear ye!" and "Woe!" and "Thus saith the Lord!" the audience is inclined to laugh. Here are a few of her jeremiads:

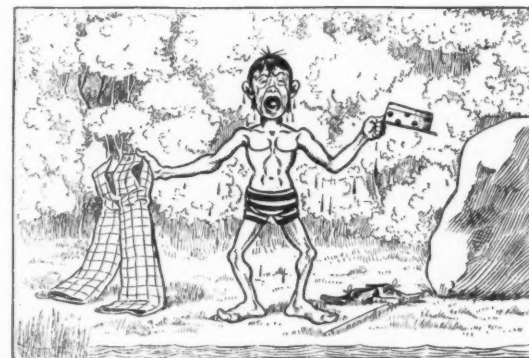
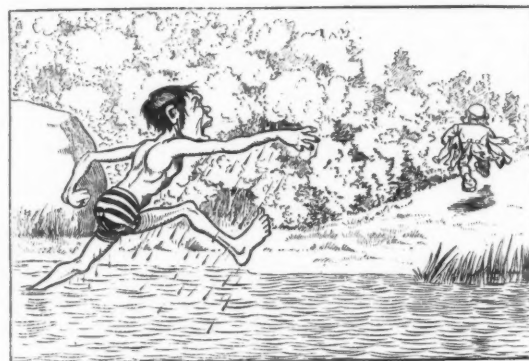
"The British race has never been remarkable for brilliancy, nor, to any special degree, has it given evidence of perspicacity. But nowhere has it shown such inexcusable and comical consistency of stupidity as in its slow recognition of Mr. Meredith, and its blundering acceptance of him when only a few laudatory reviews have revealed to it the existence of a prophet in its midst."

"We have had among us for more than thirty years a giant, and a race of pigmies, noted for nothing but the absence of genius, of even marked individuality in their stream of literary production, that flows on continuously and uneventfully, gape and blink at the odd sound of his voice, and persist in regarding him as a grotesque monster."

The explanation of all this indignation is that Miss Lynch is an Irishwoman, and believes that most of the wit and perspicacity of the Empire is on her side of the Channel. And she probably first took up the Meredith cult because he made the fascinating *Diana* an Irishwoman.

THE stories of Thomas A. Janvier have been conspicuously in evidence recently by the publication, within a few months, of three volumes by different publishers—"The Aztec Treasure House" (Harper); "Stories of Old New Spain" (Appleton), and "Color

A YOUNG MAN OF IDEAS.



A HOWLING SUCCESS.

Studies, and A Mexican Campaign" (Scribner's). The last named is a reissue of Mr. Janvier's first collection of short stories with the addition of a long tale, in which all the delightful characters of "Color Studies" are taken on a Mexican tour in a private car.

The three volumes make very evident, what readers of the magazines have long known, that Mr. Janvier has a melodious, facile style of his own in which the imagery of the Romance languages has found a place; that he has a field which is distinctly his province—Mexican life and character; and that his stories are all tales of sentiment,—delicate, poetic, and fanciful.

Droch.

NEW BOOKS.

IN THE HEART OF THE STORM. By Maxwell Grey. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

April Hopes. By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Rudder Grangers Abroad, and Other Stories. By Frank R. Stockton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

David Cox and Peter De Wint. By Gilbert R. Redgrave. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Gray Days and Gold. By William Winter. New York: Macmillan and Company.

A Violin Obligato, and Other Stories. By Margaret Crosby. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

A Book O' Nine Tales. By Arlo Bates. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

A Question of Love. A Story from the French of T. Combe. By Annie R. Ramsey. Boston: Roberts Bros.



The Lady: JACK, WHY DON'T YOU WRITE A BOOK, OR PAINT A PICTURE, OR DO SOMETHING CLEVER?

The Gentleman: BECAUSE I SELECTED A MILLIONAIRE FOR A FATHER, AND I THINK THAT WAS CLEVER ENOUGH TO LAST A LIFETIME.

A GREAT SUCCESS.

CUSTOMER: Those crackers you sold me the other day were the best I ever saw.

CLERK: They worked all right, did they?

CUSTOMER: You bet they did. My boy fired off ten packs this morning at 4 o'clock, and not one of them made a sound.

GUARANTEED.

SHE: I want to get something to amuse my little boy with on the 4th.

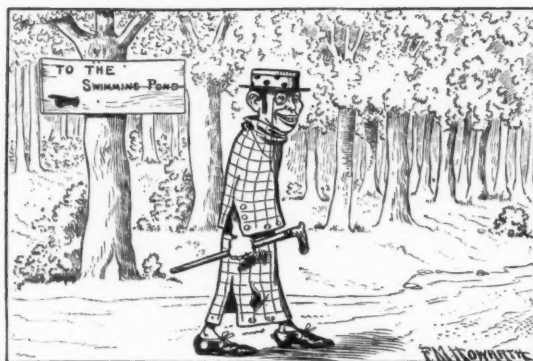
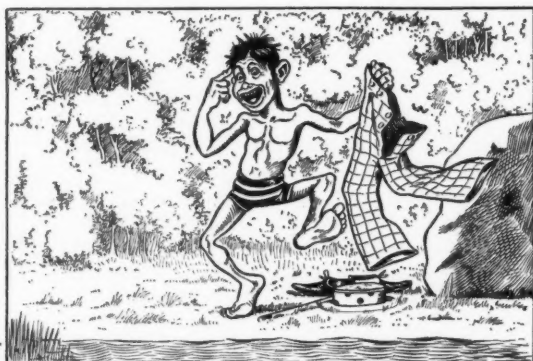
CLERK: Yes, madam. What do you think of this pretty little toy pistol?

SHE (anxiously): Am I perfectly safe in getting it?

CLERK: Perfectly so, madam. It will kill only the boy.

THE lightning had ripped all the buttons off his vest, split his right shoe and taken a piece out of the end of his ear. When he came to he observed:

"Wa'al, talk about yer *personal* magnetism! Thet's too darned personal!"





AN INTERESTING



ONCE A YEAR.

"O FATHER, look!" With exultant shout,
I heard the astonished boy call:

"See, father; *our* flag is hanging out,
From the top of the City Hall."

"Not the British red I have often seen,
Nor the French, nor the German, gay;
Nor the Irish flag of gold and green,
That is there almost every day."

"Do you think it was a mistake, dad;
Or are they just only in fun?
And say! Won't our alderman be mad,
When he finds out what they have done!"

And the old man said: "They have put it there,
Where it flutters against the sky,
To please the few who are left to care
That this is the Fourth of July."

Harry Romaine.



TENDERER.

"I FEEL it just as much, my dear little boy,"
said papa after he had spanked Billykins.

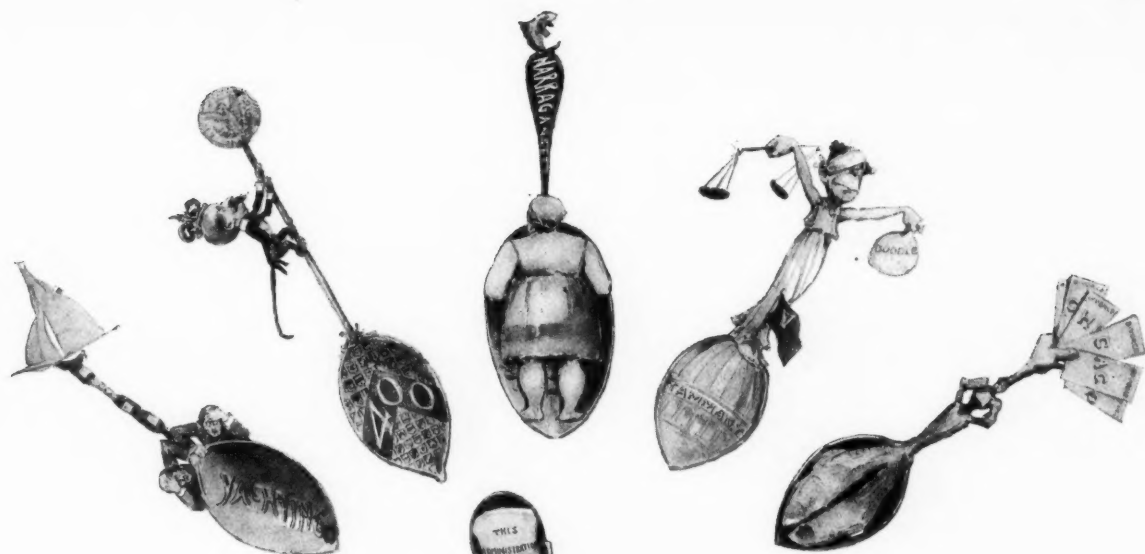
"Y-yes," sobbed Billykins. "B-but n-not in the
s-s-same p-p-place."

FORCE OF HABIT.

Ethel (who has been sent upstairs to be punished): FOR WHAT I AM
ABOUT TO RECEIVE, MAY I BE TRULY THANKFUL!



THE FIRST FOURTH OF JULY.



LIFE'S DESIGNS FOR A SET

OF SOUVENIR SPOONS.



A DEPLORABLE FATE.

BLOOBUMPER: Have you heard of the sad event which has happened to Poplin?
SPATTS: No; what was it?
 "He has been buried alive."
 "Horrors! You don't tell me."
 "Yes; he moved to Philadelphia last week."

A GREAT GIRL.

"THAT horsey Miss Wilkins is a monstrously clever girl."
 "Is she?"
 "Yes, indeed. She's invented a new kind of blinders."
 "For carriage horses?"
 "No; for chaperones."



SHE COULDN'T HELP IT.

"THE summah time agwees with me"—
He twirled a straw hat on his knee,
And prattled to a little fairy—
"I quite pwefer it, dontcher know,
Because the weathah makes it so
That we can weah what's light and airwy."

The maid looked up with glance so sly,
And said, with twinkle in her eye
Quite visible to all beholders,
"Some people the opinion share
That's just the reason why you wear
That kind of head upon your shoulders."

—Boston Courier.

OLD GENTLEMAN (to New York hackman): My friend, what do you do with your earnings every week—put part of them in the savings bank?

DRIVER: No, sir. After payin' the butcher an' grocer an' rent, I pack away what's left in barrels. I'm afraid of them savin's banks.—*Yankee Blade*.

JACK (who has been called in for punishment and regaled with an account of his misdoings): Did Dick Van Twiller tell you that, mamma?

MAMMA: Yes, Jack.

JACK (reproachfully): And you believed him?

MAMMA: Yes, Jack.

JACK: Well, I don't blame you for believing him, mamma. He's the most beautiful liar in the whole school!—*Boston Beacon*.

It is so perplexing to be told that a married man has been released from his sufferings at last—you can never tell whether it is the man himself who has died, or his wife.—*Fremdenblatt*.

TEACHER: Tommy, can't you give me a sentence in which "but" is a conjunction?

TOMMY: See the goat butt the boy. Butt is a conjunction, and connects the boy with the goat.—*Baltimore American*.

TEACHER: What can you tell me about Julius Cæsar?

PUPIL: He wrote books for the lower forms in classics.—*Familienblatt*.

"Did you," he asked in an intensely sentimental tone, "never sigh for death?"

"Whose?" she inquired with an interest and promptness that brought him back to earth so fast that he fairly lost his breath.—*Ex*.

ROSENBERG, SENIOR: Simon, my boy, now that you are going into peezness for yourself let me gaf you von good rule to follow.

ROSENBERG, JUNIOR: Vell, fader?

SENIOR: It's dis: If your gustomers don't see vat dey vant, make dem vant vat dey see.—*Yankee Blade*.

Prickly Heat,
Chafing, Dandruff,
Odors from Perspiration.
Speedy Relief by Using

Packer's Tar Soap.

"It Soothes while it Cleanses."
Medical and Surg. Reporter, Phila.

Lundborg's
FAMOUS PERFUMES

EDENIA
AND
Goya Lily.



CELEBRATED HATS,

—AND—

Ladies' Round Hats and Bonnets and
The Dunlap Silk Umbrella.

178 & 180 Fifth Avenue, bet. 22d and 23d Sts.,
and 181 Broadway, near Cortlandt St.
NEW YORK.

Palmer House, Chicago. 914 Chestnut St., Phila.

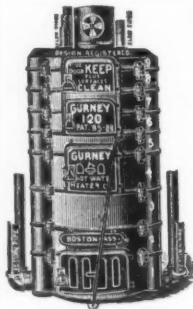
Agencies in all Principal Cities.

Gold Medal Awarded, Paris Exposition, 1889.

MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON.
School of Drawing and Painting.

The sixteenth year of this school opens Sept. 28, 1891. Courses in drawing from the cast and from life, in painting, and in decorative design, with lectures on anatomy and perspective. Principal instructors: E. C. Tarbell, F. W. Benson, C. Howard Walker, J. Linden Smith (Decorative), Edward Emerson (Anatomy), and A. K. Cross (Perspective). Pupils are allowed the free use of the galleries of the Museum. For circulars giving detailed information, address

Miss Elizabeth Lombard, Manager.



Comfort in
House Heating.

Did your furnace heat your house during the last severe winter?

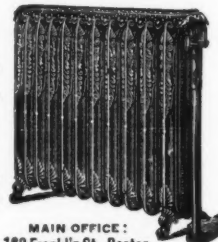
OF COURSE IT DIDN'T.

Now is the time to get estimates for the GURNEY HOT WATER HEATER and RADIATORS.

A pamphlet-book

"How Best to Heat Our Homes,"

FREE ON APPLICATION.



MAIN OFFICE:
163 Franklin St., Boston.

BRANCHES:
71 John Street, New York.
47 So. Canal Street, Chicago.
246 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

STILBOMA.

A prepared Chamois Skin for polishing Gold and Silver or Nickel, Steel and Brass. Always ready. No trouble to use. Lasts for years. The best and most economical polisher in the market. Inquire of your dealer, or send 50 cents for sample size by mail to

THE CHANDLER & RUDD COMPANY,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

SUMMER BRANCHES:
BAR HARBOR, NEWPORT,

Kittredge Cottage, 327 Thames St.
Mt. Desert St.

LEWANDO'S

Fancy Dyers—French Cleansers

Tennis Suits and all Summer Clothing Cleansed and Pressed to look like new.

MAIN OFFICES: 117 Temple Place, BOSTON.
1365 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK.
Established 1829. Largest in America.

RAW SILK BATH TOWELS.

Refreshing, Invigorating. Send \$1.00 for two, postpaid, to AM. SILK MFG. CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Splendid for Tennis Players and all Athletes.

"Kayser Patent Finger Tipped Silk Gloves"
at all leading stores.



He (economical husband): SEE HERE, SIR! MY WIFE BOUGHT THESE GLOVES YESTERDAY AND THE FINGER ENDS ARE THROUGH ALREADY!

Practical Storekeeper: SHE DID NOT BUY THE RIGHT KIND! WE SELL THE "KAYSER PATENT FINGER TIPPED SILK GLOVES," AND WITH EVERY PAIR GIVE A "GUARANTEE TICKET" ENTITLING HER TO ANOTHER PAIR, *free of charge*, WHENEVER THE "TIPS" fail to outwear the gloves.

"We are advertised by our loving friends."

King Henry VI.

The Portraits of
Healthy Infants
Sent by
Thankful Parents
Offer
Irrefutable Evidence
Of the Excellence of
MELLIN'S FOOD

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

THE DOLIBER-GOODALE CO., Boston, Mass.

Invites correspondence.



LUCY THORNE PRITCHARD,
Chicago, Ill.



She Never Laughs.

And no wonder! She's all out of order inside from some **Bilious** or **Nervous Disorder**; she's got either **Impaired Digestion**, a **Disordered Liver** or a **Sick Headache**, and quite likely all three. How can she laugh?

BEECHAM'S
PILLS would remedy all this.
They act like magic on all the vital functions, and restore harmony to the entire system.

Prepared only by Thos. Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. Of druggists, or mailed by **B. F. Allen Co.**, 365 Canal St., New York, on receipt of 25 cts.

"Practice is better than theory.
Experience teaches slowly, and at
the cost of mistakes."

True of Typewriters as of other things!
Eminently the creation of practical Experience is the Remington Standard Typewriter of to-day.



An Illustrated Catalogue is sent on application.

Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict,
327 Broadway, New York.



THE WEAKER VESSEL.

Injured Wife (whimpering, to son): AIN'T YEZ ASHAMED O' YERSELF, JIMMY RILEY (*biff*) TO BE SHTANDING BY (*biff, biff*) AN' SEE YOUR FATHER ABUSIN' O' ME IN THE MANNER HE DOES BE DOIN' (*biff*). IF YEZ HAD ANY SINSE YEZ'D BE THRAMPIN' AFTHER A POLICEMAN TO PROTICT ME, SO YEZ WOULD! (*biff, biff, biff.*)

The Daylight

You can't guess how it's possible to light a central draft lamp without touching shade or chimney till you see this year's Daylight. The lighting nuisance is over. Yes, and the dirt nuisance, too; for the Daylight has no dirt pocket.

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Lamp.

CHUMPLEIGH: My dear Miss Grace, you are always in my mind.

MISS GRACE: Goodness, that is worse than living in a flat! — *Boston Post.*

A SOMEWHAT irreverent Australian has just found in the rabbit a fresh and potent reason for believing in the existence of a God. "For no man," he declares, "would ever have invented such a creature!" — *Exchange.*



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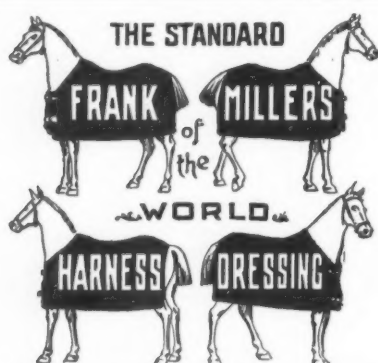
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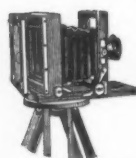


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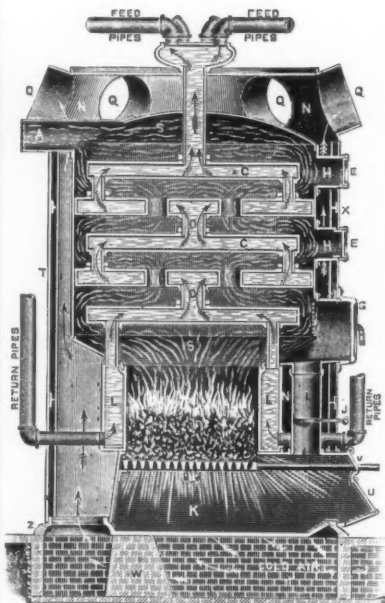
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